

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 7.—VOL. XIX.

NEW-YORK SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1807.

945.

EUPHEMA;

OR,

THE NUN OF ST. CLARE.

(CONTINUED.)

"SLOWLY moved the portress on her most unwilling errand, and most ungracious was her look, but from the command she had received there was no appeal; and whether the fear of diminishing the convent provisions, or fear of diminishing the days of her own life, by admitting the strangers, was the most predominant in her heart, I cannot tell, because the portress never could tell herself.

"However, the gates were opened, and the superior advancing, beheld a poor woman shivering in the wet and cold, with every appearance of famine in her pale meagre face, and near her an aged mother, with whom she had set out on a pilgrimage; "But sickness having overtaken the feebleness of many years, death," she added, "came on, and, now look, her poor body lays here without either a coffin or a grave, while her poor soul has not had one prayer said for its repose, and I myself am perishing without a morsel, unless your charity, holy ladies, bestow it on me!"

"Well, then," continued Ursula, "she did not ask for charity in vain, she was taken in, and for all Martha's grumblings and begrudgings, well fed;—and the poor dead body was buried in their own cemetery, and there was not a nun among them that did not say a prayer for the repose of her soul. The good superior never liked to do things by halves, therefore, when the poor woman had recovered strength from two or three days rest, and a little good eating, (for, for all Martha, the convent had its good things even in these times,) she asked her whether it was her wish to depart in peace, with what little comforts she could give for her journey, or accept such refuge and protection as holy St. Clare could afford her? adding, "If so, in her name I give thee welcome."

"The stranger answered nothing, but as the worthy mother continued to gaze upon her face, it grew serenely beautiful, her robes turned white, and her figure looked celestial. Delighted and amazed the mother fell upon her knees, and while more than mortal benignity beamed from the stranger's eyes, bending over her as if in the attitude of blessing, in tones of heavenly sweetness she spoke:—

"Blessed art thou!" said the appearance, "and ever blessed be thy hallowed walls! Rest in peace;—look on the corpse thy charity interred, and henceforth,—"

"To entertain strangers forget not, for thereby have some entertained angels!"

"The astonished superior raised her eyes, and would have spoken, but she was alone, her heavenly visitant was gone, when with pious fervour having prayed to the Holy Virgin, her Blessed Son, and her patroness, St. Clare, she hastened to the refectory, and assembling the whole sisterhood, she communicated the won-

derful vision she had witnessed, and, then, in obedience to the heavenly voice, they re-visited the new made grave in their cemetery;—not doubting, but that some miracle was to meet their wonder-stricken eyes, though of what nature they could not conjecture, unless that the corpse would be reanimated into St. Clare herself, when she would declare her future pleasure.

"With their mattoes they began to open the grave, and at length reached the coffin which inclosed the body they had buried; but so excessively had it increased in weight, that with all their united strength they could not move it from its deep recess.

"A miracle!" exclaimed one of the nuns.

"To what purpose?" added the surly Martha.

"We will break the coffin open, however," said a third.

"Would not that be profane?" rejoined a fourth.

"Would not putrefaction be dangerous?" again cried Martha.

"Something purer than ourselves commanded, and I obey," said the superior, descending the grave.

"The coffin, from its weight, was still immovable, but on her slightly touching the lid, it flew open, and discovered, to their astonished sight, not a putrid mass of flesh, nor mouldering bones, but such a profusion of gold and gems of inestimable value, that the community, and with reason, doubted the evidence of their senses; but all was real and substantial, and as a conviction that it was so, and indisputably their own, on a slip of parchment, within, by St. Clare's own hand, no doubt, were written these words:—

"With this treasure St. Clare endows her convent, to testify her approbation of their charity; accept it, daughter, with her blessing, as your own, and henceforth,—"

"To entertain strangers forget not, for thereby have some entertained angels!"

"I need not tell you," said Ursula, in conclusion, "that after this miraculous visit from the saint, our convent was re-built with all the magnificence of the gothic age. It was made with little alteration, as you see, without and within;—it was famed all over France, not only for its riches and miracles, but also for its piety and blessings,—in short, its every thing was the wonder of the world. The noblest ladies became members of its community, and the holiest men came to give us their blessings;—and now we are so blessed, that I think nothing can make us more blessed."

"Unless the strangers who were admitted last night," observed Constance, half smiling.

"That is true," said Ursula, "nothing is so good but what it may be made better."

"Sound reasoning, good Ursula; and now, with my thanks for your story, take my duty to the abbess, and say, a bad night's rest kept me from matins, and that I shall do penance by going without my breakfast."

"During Ursula's relation of the ancient miracle worked by St. Clare for her convent, the unhappy Euphemia, overcome by weariness and

exhausted spirits, had sunk into a heavy slumber, from which she did not awake until the day was far advanced.

"Constance had continued as usual not only to join the sisterhood at their meals, but also to pay a punctual observance to all the external ceremonies of the church, yet never failed, after vespers to devote some hours to Euphemia, with the benevolent intention of soothing her melancholy, which nevertheless appeared rather to gain strength from time than yield in any degree to the balmy influence attributed to it.

"Ursula was also frequently their companion, and being kindly in her nature, and complacent in her temper, they reciprocally had the power to oblige each other; her good humoured loquacity often enlivened the seriousness of the cell, and the instructive seriousness of the cell often corrected her loquacity.

"For some reason inexplicable to herself, Constance became rather interested in the circumstances of the two strangers admitted to the convent on the night that Euphemia related her story, and as soon as Ursula would make her appearance in the cell, an enquiry after them was the first question. Ursula had been appointed their chief nurse and attendant, and "Much the same,—rather mending,—better,—almost well," had been the progressive answers for some time; and though Constance wished to make other enquiries, something restrained the intention, and the words would sink unuttered on her lips. One evening, however, she had pre-resolved to encourage Ursula to be more communicative, and immediately on her entering Euphemia's cell, she prefaced her design with,—"Well, my charitable sister, how are the strangers to-night?—Do they speak of leaving us soon?"

"Very well, for what I know, for they are gone."

"Gone!" repeated Constance, concealing what she felt under a forced smile and assumed indifference;—"What, gone, and without working one miracle, how came that about?—I fear we did not entertain angels this time, Ursula."

"Ursula was not in a talkative humour that evening, but replied shortly,—"That they were well entertained whatever they were, and now they are gone, so the saints be with them."

"Amen!" responded Euphemia, who, feeling no interest in the conversation wished to conclude it by proposing a walk.

"The evening is sweetly serene," said she, "will you go into the gardens? I think I could eat some fruit."

"Constance instantly acceded to her wish, and taking the arm of each other, they left poor Ursula with every feature moulded into discontent, to count her beads, and think on having entertained strangers who were no angels.

"It was now the most luxuriant season of the year, for the rich autumnal fruits hung upon the walls with inviting beauty, tempting the taste, and willing hand to pluck it.

"The sun was sinking beyond the distant hills, leaving the milder rays of his declining glory to irradiate the dusky sky, while the golden gleams shed a pale mellow light over the

cloisters, and wadding turrets of St. Clare; the wakeful Philomel was trilling her notes from a neighboring brake, while the other little tenants of the air nestled them in comfort, each with its pretty mate, within the sheltering bush.

The breeze felt sweet and reviving to the spirits of Euphemia, and as it stole in gentle murmurs through the trees, inspired a melancholy neither displeasing to the pious nor the serious mind; she appeared unusually serene, and a milder feeling than hopeless pain, had imparted an air of resignation to every pale yet beautiful feature of her interesting face.

"They had conversed near an hour on subjects though rather solemn, not sorrowful, when she requested Constance to leave her.—"The dew is falling heavy," said she, "go you in, my friend, they never harm me; and I feel so calm within myself, that I would rather be alone, indeed to say my prayers. Leave me then, I do not often feel the holy impulse and would indulge it now. Good night dear Constance."

"Seeing her so very composed, Constance did not hesitate to leave her; but kissing her cheek, immediately quitted the gardens and retired to her cell.

"When Euphemia was left alone, she sunk upon her knees, and prayed with fervor to the Virgin—prayed for grace to subdue improper regrets—for resignation to her fate—and for fortitude to repress the wishes that unbidden would arise in her heart. She felt more calm and easy, and as a divine peace was pervading every avenue in her chastened bosom, she arose from her knees to leave the garden.

"She had to pass a double row of cloisters, before she could reach any entrance to the convent; and in the interior range of these cloisters, Euphemia had a secret treasure, a treasure which too often received the gushing tear, and that was too often embalmed by the embittered sigh. Under a remote arch was a plain marble stone, laid over the remains of what once had been a human and beneficent being. He had been a liberal friend to the convent while he lived; and at his death he bequeathed all his possessions to it, on no other condition than that his bones might rest within the hallowed sanctuary, but without one inscriptive line to point out his name, or the place where he lay. His wishes were obeyed—his relics were deposited in this exterior cemetery, among a few others, who like himself, desired that their remains might moulder beneath the sacred cloisters of St. Clare.

"Upon this stone, unseen and unsuspected, Euphemia had with her scissors, in her days of greatest weakness, when the mind followed its impulse without the sanction of reason, with care carved out a few letters, comprising a word which only could be understood by herself—

ENIGMA.

"It was performed with such subtle caution, that though it was the name of *Deloraine* reversed, yet the nuns considered it as one of those important nothings that often occupy a wandering brain. (To be Continued.)

ANECDOTE.

A countryman being on the London road, but not knowing it, chanced to meet a Quaker, whom he accosted as follows: "This is not the road to London, is it?" "Pray what is thy meaning?" said the Quaker—"Thou first teldest me a lie, and then thou asketh me a question."

INNOCENCE UNGUARDED.

She came from the hills of the west,
A smile of contentment she wore;
Her heart was a garden of rest;
But Oh! the dear season is o'er!

Her dress was a mantle of green,
Set off with a border of white;
And all the day long might be seen,
Like a bird that was ever in flight.

At length a destroyer came nigh,
A youth of more person than parts;
Well skill'd in the glance of the eye,
The conquest and havoc of hearts.

He woo'd her by fountains and streams,
He ply'd her with novels and books—
He told her his tales and his dream,
And he mark'd their effects on her looks.

Enamour'd he led her to roam,
Amid the lone shadows of night—
For passion's increase with the gloom,
And caution expires with the light.

At length like a rose from the spray,
Like a lily pluck'd off from the stem,
She droop'd and she faded away,
Thrown by and neglected by them.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

When wearied wretches sink to sleep,
How heavenly soft their slumbers lie,
How sweet is death, to those who weep,
To those who weep and long to die.

Saw you the soft and grassy bed,
Where flow'rets deck the green earth's breast?
'Tis there I wish to lay my head,
'Tis there I wish to sleep at rest.

Oh! let not tears embalm my tomb,
None but the dews by twilight given;
Oh! let not sighs disturb the gloom,
None but the whispering winds of heaven.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

How sweetly could I lay my head
Within the cold grave's silent breast,
Where sorrow's tears are softly shed,
No more the ills of life molest.

For, ah! my heart, how very soon,
The glittering dream of youth are past!
And, long before it reach its noon,
The sun of life is overcast.

TO A FRIEND.

Soft is the union that our friendship binds,
Silken the chains that tie our captive minds—
Subdued to love, one common fate we share—
I taste your sorrows, and you feel my care.
In life's long doleful night of poignant woe,
We all calamity must undergo,
Amidst surrounding ills we jointly stray,
And tread with trembling steps the doubtful way.
O, may our friendship adamant prove,
One constant day of harmony and love,
Not chilled by absence, nor subdued by strife,
Indissoluble tie, in death and life.

THE SURPRISE.

CHLOE, I swear by all I ever swore,
That from this hour I shall not love thee more—
'What! love no more! Oh! why this alter'd vow?
Because I cannot love thee more than now!

MATERNAL AFFECTION;

FROM,

ANECDOTES OF THE HEROIC CONDUCT OF WOMEN.

DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

(Concluded.)

ENRAGED with the resistance of the mother, they resolved to increase her torture by lengthening out the spectacle of her son's wretched situation, extended as he was in the dust, and weltering in his blood; and fortunately, this resolution saved both the mother and son. The reports of muskets had been heard at the nearest post of the republican army, from which a detachment of fifty horse instantly proceeded to the spot. The cries of the unfortunate woman was soon heard by this detachment, who burst in among the rebels at full gallop, and so completely surprised them as to put them to the sword with little resistance.

The violent and sudden change in her fortune overcame the mother, and she was senseless when she was approached by her own party. She was taken from the tree by the commanding officer, and placed in her carriage, to which two of the troopers harnessed their horses. In this manner she was conducted to the republican post. Being come to herself, she enquired for her son; but what was her horror, when after all her sufferings, and the return of hope, she understood that not one of the republican party had seen anything of the young man. She instantly comprehended the nature of the mistake made by the republican party, who having fired among the rebels as they rode up, had taken her son for one of the enemy's slain. She demanded that they would return to the place of action: "My son," she cried, "breathes still, he is worthy of your care, and allied to you in principles and courage; like you he has shed his blood for the republic. Ah! who knows if another party of the rebels may not be even now on their way to—"

Her friends heard not another word, they interrupted her to return with them to the spot they had just quitted. As they drew near to it, some of the troopers who advanced before the party perceived a man having his head bound round with an handkerchief steeped in blood, endeavoring to shun them. This was no other than the young man, who having been senseless when his mother departed, had come to himself, and exerting all his strength, was endeavoring to escape from a scene of so many horrors. His evident confusion, and the blood with which his whole body was covered, made the advanced guard believe that he was one of the rebels who had survived and escaped from the field. They ran to him, and shutting their ears to his prayers and cries, slew him, as they imagined, with their sabres, and threw him into a ditch. No sooner had this happened than the main body of the party arrived, and the carriage of the mother passed close to the body of her son, she instantly recognised him who she so tenderly loved, uttered a shriek, and threw herself on the wounded and disfigured body.

Exhausted by so many vicissitudes, both the mother and son were carried to the republican post, their new friends uncertain whether they were dead or living. The young man however, survived that extraordinary day, and the generous mother had the happiness afterwards to conduct him to Nantes, where her tenderness and care succeeded in restoring him to perfect health.

A MODERN BEAU, SPEAKING OF HIMSELF.

I am an adopt in all the delightful follies of fashion: I lead the mode, and make those dear whims, which are ridiculous in others, graceful and captivating in me. I am in debt with all the town, in love with all the women, envied by all the men, stared at by all the world, laughed at by the little, imitated by the great, hated by the awkward, and hooted by the mob. I have ruined fifty tradesmen and five Jews. Nay; I have been ruined myself these three years, and in as high stile as ever.—Sitting or standing, riding or walking, I do every thing with grace. See me take out my handkerchief, put on my gloves, pick up a fan, present a bouquet, dangle in my chariot; the most trifling actions are made interesting by my manner. Nay, I even sleep like a gentleman.

—Women thinks me irresistible.—I have a smile for one, a nod for a nother, a wink for a third, and hem and how do you do for a fourth, and she who gets a squeeze of the hand from me thickens herself in heaven.

SPORTING EXTRAORDINARY.

An extraordinary piece of sporting took place a few days ago. A fine field of sportsmen, amounting to about 70, went out with the Croyden harriers: the dogs soon fell upon a fine fresh scent, which they ran breast high near fifty miles without ever being at fault. The sportsmen, confident they were in chase of a strong fox, exceedingly enjoyed the sport. Three horses fell dead through excessive fatigue. At last, the dogs fell upon their prey, which proved to be a drag, made of a piece of bacon, rubbed with oil of anniseed, to the no small mortification of the sportsmen who had so easily followed the bait.—It is understood to have been carried into effect, by two men stationed at the distance of fifteen miles asunder, relieving each other.

Lon. pap.

A CAUTION.

The following curious affair may be depended on as a fact:—A young gentleman walking with a lady to whom he was paying his addresses, made her an offer of a lottery Ticket. She hearing that Bish's office was remarkable for selling capital prizes, desired him to purchase it there and accordingly they went to gether. She chose the number 15462 which was drawn a prize of 20,000l. the first day: but being fashionably dressed, (without pockets,) she desired her lover to take care of the Ticket for her: he put it into his pocket book and nothing further was thought of it until they saw Bish's advertisement of having sold the Ticket No. 15462 a prize of 20,000l. she ran full of rapture to her lover, stating how happy it would make them both; but he received her very coolly and it was plain his love for the prize had overcome his regard for the lady, for he absolutely refused to part with the Ticket and has discontinued his visits ever since.

Lon. pap.

ANECDOTE.

A Lord, whom his friends was obliged to put

in a private mad house, was not mad enough to remain insensible to the charms of the keeper's pretty daughter. His lordship, encouraged in his addresses, agreed to marry her. The day was fixed, and they left the mad-house in a coach, to have the ceremony performed. When arrived in the church, his lordship very properly led the lady to the altar; and the clergyman began the ceremony, saying to his lordship, "Do you take this woman for your wedded wife?" Upon which he exclaimed, "No, no, not so mad as that neither!" then, taking to his heels, ran out of the church, and was not found for a considerable time afterwards.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, MARCH 28, 1807.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 49 persons (of whom 15 were men, 12 women, 14 boys, and 8 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of cold 1, consumption 9, convulsions 4, debility 3, decay 4, dropsy 3, dropsy in the head 2, nervous fever 1, typhus fever 4, infantile flux 2, hives 5, intemperance 1, inflammation of the stomach 1, inflammation of the lungs 1, liver disease 1, old age 1, pleurisy 1, St. Anthony's fire 1, still born 2, teething 1, and 1 of worms.

A letter from Philadelphia of the 24th inst. mentions an arrival from the Island of St. Domingo, with information, that the Haytiens have adopted a Constitution, which was gone peaceably into operation, and every thing promises tranquility and security.

Fires.—At Coopers-town, in this state, the mansion house, furniture, &c. of Major Joseph Trenchard.

At Kingston, Jamaica, the house of Mr. Alexander Ackman, and the drug store of Doctor McKnight.

SCHOOL.

Mrs. HEARNE, returns her sincere thanks to her former friends and employers, who have hitherto honored her with the Tuition of their children, and respectfully informs them and the public in general, that she intends removing her Seminary on the first of May next, from No. 35, to No. 187 Bowery-Lane, nearly opposite Dr. Church's Dispensary—having taken a convenient, neat, and commodious house for that purpose, in a pleasant, healthy, and airy situation, where she will continue to instruct Youth in Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Embroidery & the various branches of Needle Work, &c. She flatters herself that from the assiduous pains and strict attention she is determined to pay to the Morals, Manners, & Education of her Pupils, to merit a continuance of the favors of her friends, and a share of Public Patronage.

N. B. Mrs. Hearne wishes to intimate that she will be able to accommodate conveniently from 12 to 15 young Ladies to board & educate, if application be made within a month or six weeks from this date.

March 7, 1807

TO THE LADIES.

M. HEDGES, Hair Dresser, notifies the public, respectfully, that he has again resumed his profession, and being grateful for past encouragement, presumes on the liberality of his former employers & friends to promote that success which will be his pride to merit.

Messages left at No. 30 Barclay-street, the fourth door below Church-street, on the left hand from Broadway, will be promptly attended to.

November 15.

926 tf.

FILES,

OF THE 'NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM,' from 1800 to 1807,

Neatly bound; for sale at this Office.

COURT OF HYMEN.

POSSESS'D of the object they love,
Their hearts will be wholly at ease—
While Reason and Heaven approve,
Their mutual endeavors to please.

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Milledollar, Mr. Samuel Crissy, to Miss Hannah Myers, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, at Baltimore, by the Rev. Mr. Inglis, Mr. Robert Dickey, of New-York, to Miss Anne Brown, daughter of Dr. Brown of that city.

At Norwalk, by the Rev. Mr. Dikeman, Mr. Jesse Hoyt, to Miss Esther Nobles, both of Stamford.

At Shopack, Mr. Thomas Doty, aged 72, to Miss Peggy Gornick, aged 15.

At Baltimore, Master John Richardson, aged 15, to Miss Phoebe Maria T. Fullerton, aged 13.

In Providence, (Rhode-Island) Master Harvey Thurston, aged 16, to Miss Sally Eaton, aged 32.

Lately at his farm in Rowan-County, Mr. John Wright, aged 85, to Miss Johnson, aged 13 years and 4 months.

On the 8th inst. in Dublin County, Mr. John Goff, aged 90, to Miss Eliza Ennis, aged 20.

MORTALITY.

THE moments as they swiftly pass,
Adown life's over running glass—
Life's warm pulsations few, and free,
All intimate eternity.

DIED,

Suddenly, on Wednesday morning last, Mrs. Ann Sherred, wife of Mr. Jacob Sherred.

On Sunday evening last, Mr. John Grenell, of this city.

At Newark, on Saturday last, Mr. James Murray, a native of North Britain.

At Philadelphia, on the 22d inst. in the 19th year of her age, Miss Ann Abercrombie, daughter of the Rev. James Abercrombie, D. D. one of the assistant ministers of Christ Church and St. Peters.

On Tuesday, 17th inst. at New-Milford, in Connecticut, Mr. Nathaniel Durkee, aged 77 years.

Suddenly, at Stamford, Connecticut, Mr. Thaddeus Bell, aged 79 years, much lamented by all who knew him.

DANCING.

The Academy at No. 13 Beckman-slip, is now open for the admission of pupils. Hours of attendance, in the afternoon for children, and in the evening for grown persons.

Private Lessons—As the advertiser resides at the above place, he has it in his power, at almost any hour of the day or evening, to attend on Ladies & Gentlemen, who, not having had an opportunity, in early life, to acquire the now so fashionable accomplishment of dancing, would wish to learn, having every necessary accommodation for the purpose of private instruction, by which persons of tolerable capacity may, in a very short time, be enabled to dance with propriety at balls or assemblies.

Public practising every Wednesday evening.

A course of French has also begun at said place, to which a few more select pupils may be admitted provided application be made during the ensuing fortnight. All persons desirous of being attended at their houses to be instructed in either French or Dancing, M. Ignace C. Maisier, offers his services.

J. GREENWOOD, SURGEON DENTIST,

Informs his friends and the public in general, that he has returned from Paris, with great improvements in the line of his profession, and attends to his business as usual at No. 83 Beckman-Street.

March 7.

942-4w

CISTERN,

Made and put in the ground complete,—warranted tight, by

ALFORD & MERVIN,
No. 15 Catharine-st. near the Watch-house

DURABLE INK,

For writing on linen with a pen, which nothing will discharge without destroying the linen.—For sale at this Office.

COURT OF APOLLO.

TO THE LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL MISS—

IMPROMPTU.

In wedlock a species of lottery lies,
Where in blanks and in prizes we deal:
But how comes it, that you, such a capital prize,
Should so long have remain'd in the wheel?

If ever, by Fortune's indulgent decree,
To me such a ticket should roll;
A sixteenth, Heav'n knows! were sufficient for me,
For what could I do with the whole?

ODE TO THE GLOW-WORM.

MILD Insect, harmless as myself I ween,
Thou little Planet of the rural scene!
When Summer warms the valleys with her rays,
Accept a trifling Sonnet to thy praise.

Sweet child of stillness, 'midst the awful calm—
Of pausing Nature, thou art pleas'd to dwell—
In happy silence to enjoy thy balm,
And shed through life a lustre round thy cell.

How different man, the imp of noise and strife,
Who courts the storm that tears and darkens life—
Blest, when the passions wild the soul invade!
How noble for to bid those whirlwinds cease—
To taste like thee, the luxury of peace,
And shine in solitude and shade.

EPIGRAMS.

*TWIXT *giving* and *taking*, the difference, I ween,
As plain as the nose on your face may be seen,
This life's a jack-pudding of mis'ry and folly,
Except a man's always resolv'd to be jolly;
Pray what does life give us that merits a thought,
But just room to breathe—bread and cheese—and a coat?

Of life you speak ill—pray, what think you of death?
Oh! worse a great deal!—he deprives us of breath.

A HOME QUESTION.

WHILE Dick to combs hostility proclaims,
A neighboring taper sets his hair in flames.
The blaze extinct, permit us to enquire,
Were there no *lives* lost, Richard in this fire?

It is said that after the execution of the tyrant Robespierre, a Gasconian officer expressed his dread of that cruel savage in the following terms:—"As often as I heard the name of Robespierre pronounced, I always took my hat off with both my hands, and locked into it, to see if my head was not in it."

THOMAS HARRISON,

Late from London, Silk, Cotton, & Woolen Dyer, No 63, Liberty-Street, near Broadway, New-York, Can furnish the Ladies with the most fashionable colored, Ladies dresses, of every description, cleaned, dyed, and glazed without having them ripped—All kinds of rich Silks cleaned, and restored as nearly as possible, to their original lustre. Silk Stockings, bed-bagings, Carpeting &c, cleaned and dyed; Gentlemen's clothes: cleaned wet or dry: and Calicoes dyed black, on an improved plan.

N. B. Family's residing on any part of the Continent & wishing to favor him with their orders, shall be punctually attended to and returned by such conveyance that is most convenient.

December 6.

STOLLENWERCK & BROTHERS.

Wholesale and retail Jewellers & Watchmakers, 137 William and 441 Pearl-streets, have received by the late arrivals from London and Liverpool, an extensive assortment of plated ware, consisting of the following articles.

Superb round, oval and oblong tea and coffee urns with legs and lamp.

Do. do. do. tea pots, sugar basons and cream ewers, in complete sets to match.

Rich cut glass castors and liquor frames.

Oval and oblong cake baskets.

Candlesticks and brackets, newest fashion with silver gadroons.

Chamber candlesticks with snuffers and extinguishers.

Elegant three light branches.

Snuffer and snuffer trays.

Fish knives, toast trays, inkstands, salts:

Wing-strainers, wax-winders with tapers.

Soup ladles, knife rests, sugar tongs.

Mustard spoons, &c.

A few sets superb double plated and silver edged oblong soup and sauce tureens with dishes.

Egg boilers for 6 eggs, with lamp and stand.

Obliging rich cut glass epergnes with engraved leafage, and a variety of other articles of the best plate, silver edged and fashionable patterns.

Also—an assortment of single plated Birmingham tea and coffee urns, tea pots, sugar basons and cream ewers, castors, candlesticks, brackets, &c. &c elegant patterns.

JEWELLERY.

Elegant pearl set bracelets, pins ear-rings, finger-rings, bracelet clasps, mourning rings and brooches, watch chains, seals and keys, &c.

They have also received a beautiful collection of gilt ornaments for the head, elegantly set with imitation pearl, topaze, emerald, amethysts and cornelian, very cheap.

A great variety of richly ornamented dress combs, gold and silver epaulets, trimmings for ladies dresses, spangles, coral beads, buttons, &c.

Repeating, horizontal and L'Epine gold watches—silver, single and double case do.

A constant supply of the inimitable Venus tooth powder.

Spanish segars of the first quality in boxes of 250 to 1000.

Stollenwerck & Brothers continue to manufacture and have constantly on hand, gold and silver work of every description, wholesale and retail.

☞ The strictest attention paid to the regulating of watches of every construction.

BOOT AND SHOE MAKING.

SAMUEL MOWRIS, begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general that he has opened a store at No. 5 Murray-street, near Broadway, opposite the sheriff's office, at the sign of the Boot, where he makes all kind of best fashionable Boots and Shoes, viz. Waterproof, Backstraps, Suwarrows, and Cordovan Boots, warranted equal to any in the city, both for work and materials. Where Gentlemen may be supplied with such Boots and Shoes as they want.

Best dancing Pumps, Morocco, or Leather, which he will make to any particular direction or pattern. He will wait on any gentleman at his place of abode to get his orders if notice is given.

☞ All orders thankfully received and executed with neatness and dispatch, on as reasonable terms as can be produced for Cash.

Boots neatly mended.

December 6.

929—4m

SAUNDERS & LEONARD,

No. 104 Maiden-Lane,

Have on hand a constant supply of

Leghorn Hats & Bonnets,

Split straw do. do.

Paper do. do.

Wire assorted sizes,

Artificial and straw Flowers,

do. do. Wreaths.

Leghorn flats by the box or dozen,

Paste boards,

Black, blue, and cloth sewing Silks,

Sarsnets, white and pink,

Open work, straw trimming & Tassels.

With every article in the Millenary line by Wholesale only.

N. B. One or two Apprentices wanted at the Millenary business

November

926—tf

TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS,

FOR SEAL BY

N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER,

FROM LONDON,

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROSE

NO. 114, BROADWAY.

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies' or named COMBS, of the newest fashion.—Also, Ladies' plain Tortoise Shell COMBS of all kinds.



Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream for taking off all kinds of roughness, clears and prevents the skin from chapping. 4s per pot.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns: and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 3s. 4s. 8 & 12s bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey: 4s and 8s. per pot. Smith's tooth Paste warranted.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. 6d. per lb.

Violet double scented Rose 2s. 6d.

Smith's Savoyette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, 4s. & 8s per pot, do. paste.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted—2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil, for curling, glossing and thickening the Hair and preventing it from turning grey, 4s. per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pama-tums, 1s. per pot or roll. Doled do. 2s.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips, 2s. and 4s. per box. Smith's Lotion for the Teeth, warranted.

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving, 4s. & 1s. 6d. Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 3s. per box.

Ladies silk Braces do. Elastic worsted and cotton Garters.

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold:

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books.

* * The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-knives, Scissors Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs Superfine white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with Imported Perfumery

☞ Great allowance to those who buy to sell again

January 3, 1807

ly

ROBERT HAYWARD,

No. 22 BEEKMAN-STREET,

Makes, and has constantly for sale, Venetian, Par-lour, Spring and Shutter Blinds of every description, wholesale & retail, warranted of the best quality, at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms: Also—plain and papered Window Cornices, to any size and pattern. All Orders for Exportation, thankfully received and immediately attended to.

☞ An assortment of Hatters' Blocks always on hand.

* * Old Blinds repaired and painted

December 13.

930—6m

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen RAGS, at this Office.

PUBLISHED BY MARGT. HARRISON,

No. 3 PECK-SLIP.